

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. No nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liv'd,
Looke where he goes, even now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileffe creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull musick: it is not madnesse
That I have uttred, bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not this flattering unction to your soule,
That not your trespass but my madnesse speakes;
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects unseene: confesse your selfe to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon begge,
Yea coub and woode for leave to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe!
Goodnight, but goe not to my uncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you have it not,
That monster custome, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits divell, is Angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions faire and good
He likewise gives a frocke or Livery:
That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence, the next more easie;
For use almost can change the stampe of nature,
And master the Divell, or throw him out
With wondrous potency: Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest

Prince of Denmark

He blessing beg of you: for this same Lord,
I doe repent, but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must betheir scourge and minister:
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so againe good night.
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you to bed againe,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousie,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know,
For who that's but Queen, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deare concernings hide? who would doe so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecie
Unpeg the basket on the houles top,
Let the birds flye, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Ger. Alacke I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ha. There's letters seal'd, & my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandate, they must sweep my way,
And marshall me to knavery; let it worke,
For 'tis the sport, to have the Enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard